

A Fawcett Publication

Monte Hale

OCTOBER

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NO. 29





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MONTE HALE



'GHOST TOWN'
'RAILROAD RUCKUS'
'MONTE'S DOUBLE'
'TRAIL-BLAZER'S SHOWDOWN'



BIG BOW and
LITTLE ARROW
A "SON OF THE CHIEF" SHORT STORY

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MONTE HALE WESTERN SUBSCRIPTION RATE 12 ISSUES FOR \$1.20 IN U. S. POSSESSIONS AND CANADA

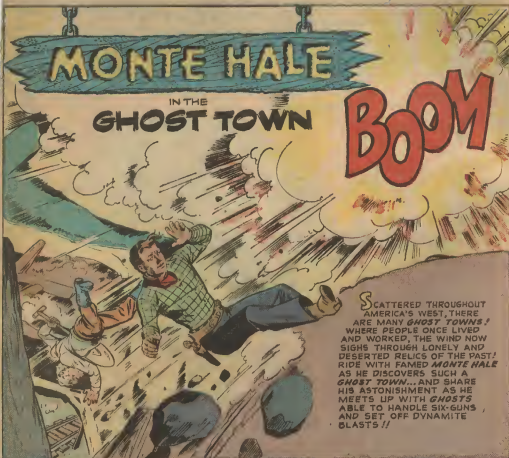
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MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

MONTE HALE

IN THE
GHOST TOWN

BOOM



SCATTERED THROUGHOUT AMERICA'S WEST, THERE ARE MANY **GHOST TOWNS!** WHERE PEOPLE ONCE LIVED AND WORKED, THE WIND NOW SIGHS THROUGH LONELY AND DESERTED RELICS OF THE PAST! RIDE WITH FAMED **MONTE HALE** AS HE DISCOVERS SUCH A **GHOST TOWN...** AND SHARE HIS ASTONISHMENT AS HE MEETS UP WITH **GHOSTS** ABLE TO HANDLE SIX-GUNS AND SET OFF DYNAMITE BLASTS!!

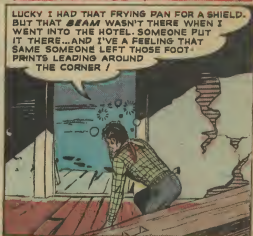
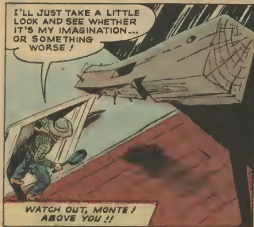
RIDING THROUGH THE NEVADA DESERT, AS NIGHT FALLS, WE MEET AN OLD FRIEND...
MONTE HALE!

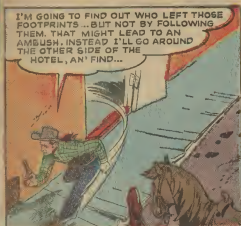
TIME TO START LOOKING FOR A SPOT TO HOLE UP FOR THE NIGHT! THAT LOOKS LIKE A TOWN OVER YONDER...

...SO I'LL HEAD OVER THAT WAY!

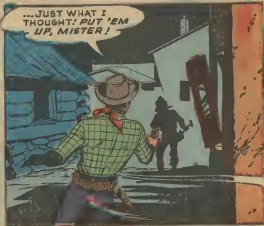
BUT, AS MONTE RIDES DOWN THE MAIN STREET...

WHY--THE HOUSES ARE EMPTY. NO KIDS/NO HORSES/NO SMOKE IN THE CHIMNEYS! THIS IS A...A **GHOST TOWN!** THERE'S NOT A SOUL IN IT!





I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO LEFT THOSE FOOTPRINTS...BUT NOT BY FOLLOWING THEM. THAT MIGHT LEAD TO AN AMBUSH. INSTEAD I'LL GO AROUND THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HOTEL, AN' FIND...



...JUST WHAT I THOUGHT! PUT 'EM UP, MISTER!

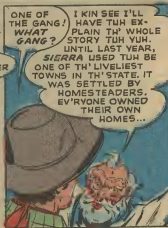


ULP! D-DON'T SHOOT, S-STRANGER! I-I GIVE UP!



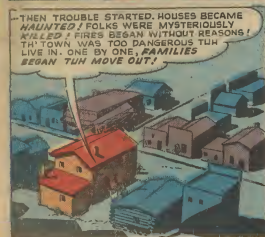
KEEP 'EM HIGH, OLD-TIMER, AND TALK FAST! WHY DID YOU SET THAT TIMBER TRAP FOR ME?

I-I-THOUGHT YOU WERE ONE OF TH' GANG, BUT NOW I SEE I'M WRONG. YO'RE A STRANGER TUH THESE PARTS!



ONE OF THE GANG! WHAT GANG?

I KIN SEE I'LL HAVE TUH EXPLAIN TH' WHOLE STORY TUH YUH. UNTIL LAST YEAR, SIERRA USED TUH BE ONE OF TH' LIVELIEST TOWNS IN TH' STATE. IT WAS SETTLED BY HOMESTEADERS. EV'RYONE OWNED THEIR OWN HOMES...



THEN TROUBLE STARTED. HOUSES BECAME HAUNTED! FOLKS WERE MYSTERIOUSLY KILLED! FIRES BEGAN WITHOUT REASONS! TH' TOWN WAS TOO DANGEROUS TUH LIVE IN. ONE BY ONE, FAMILIES BEGAN TUH MOVE OUT!



SOME TRIED TUH STICK IT OUT... BUT IT GOT WUSS. FINALLY, EV'RYONE LEFT, AND SIERRA BECAME A GHOST TOWN!

I SEE! BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU-AND THE GANG YOU SPOKE OF?

MONTE HALE WESTERN

ME? MY NAME'S SOURDOUGH SIMMS! I'M A PROSPECTOR... LIVED AROUND HYAR FER NIGH ONTUH FORTY YEARS WHEN TH' REST CLEARED OUT, I FIGGERED I'D STAY TUH SEE WHAT CAUSED TH' TROUBLE.



ONC'T IN A WHILE, I'D SPY SOMEONE IN ONE OF TH' HOUSES OR CELLARS. I RECKONED IT WAS SOME KIND OF A GANG... BUT WHAT THEY WERE DOIN' HERE, I DIDN'T KNOW!



AND WHEN YOU SPOTTED ME, YOU THOUGHT I WAS ONE OF THE GANG! RIGHT?

RIGHT! I FIGGERED I'D TRY TUH CATCH YUH—BUT YUH REE-VERSED TH' TABLES, STRANGER.



CALL ME MONTE HALE, SOURDOUGH! YOUR STORY SOUNDS INTERESTING, MIGHTY INTERESTING!

I'D LIKE TO JOIN YOU IN YOUR SEARCH, IF YOU DON'T MIND... STARTING RIGHT NOW!



RIGHT NOW? YO'RE ON, MONTE!

SOURDOUGH, DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEAS ABOUT WHERE TO LOOK TO LOCATE THE GANG?



SEEMS I'VE SPOTTED THEM MOST OFTEN DOWN YONDER, PAST TH' OLD LIVERY STABLE...

CAREFUL, SOURDOUGH! IF WE CAN CREEP UP REAL QUIET...



NOTHIN'! RECKON I'M JEST WASTIN' YORE TIME, MONTE!



NO! LOOK! AGAINST THAT WALL...IT'S A MAN!



DON'T KNOW WHY TH' BOYS
HAVE ME ON WATCH OUT
HYAR. NOTHIN'
EVER HAPPENS.
NOW THAT WE'VE
CLEARED TH'
HOMESTEADERS
OUT OF TOWN!



BUT SUDDENLY!

A
STRANGER—
URGGG!



LET'S KEEP
THIS QUIET,
MISTER!

THUD!
OHNN...



NICE GOIN', MONTE! TAKE
HE'S OUT COLD. A LOOK
BUT WHAT WAS AT THIS,
HE GUARDIN' SOURDOUGH,
SO CAREFUL? A SHAFT,
LEADING DOWN
INTO THE CELLAR...

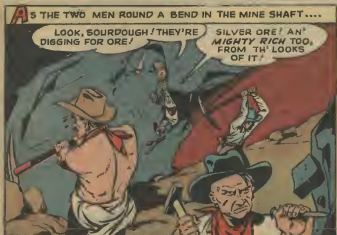


LOOKS LIKE
A MINE SHAFT. THAT CANDLE
MEANS THAR
MUST BE SOME
MEN BELOW. LET'S
GIT DOWN THAR,
MONTE!



HEAR THAT,
OLD-TIMER? I SHORE DO,
MONTE. AN'
I RECKERNIZE
IT: THAT'S TH'
SOUND OF
PICKAXES AT
WORK!

CLANK!
CLANK!



AS THE TWO MEN ROUND A BEND IN THE MINE SHAFT....

LOOK, SOURDOUGH! THEY'RE
DIGGING FOR ORE!

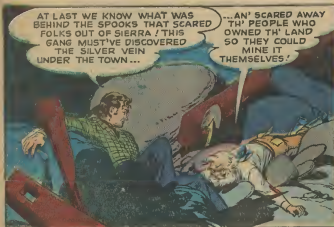
SILVER ORE! AN'
MIGHTY RICH TOO.
FROM TH' LOOKS
OF IT!



AT THIS MOMENT!

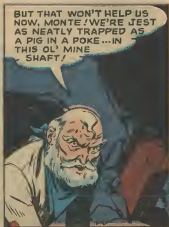
CARSON! BOYS!
WATCH IT! THEY'S
STRANGERS IN TH'
SHAFT!





AT LAST WE KNOW WHAT WAS BEHIND THE SPOOKS THAT SCARED FOLKS OUT OF SIERRA! THIS GANG MUST'VE DISCOVERED THE SILVER VEIN UNDER THE TOWN...

...AN' SCARED AWAY TH' PEOPLE WHO OWNED TH' LAND SO THEY COULD MINE IT THEMSELVES!



BUT THAT WON'T HELP US NOW, MONTE! WE'RE JUST AS NEATLY TRAPPED AS A PIG IN A POKE...IN THIS OL' MINE SHAFT!



MAYBE, SOURDOUGH. AND MAYBE NOT. THESE SEEM TO BE TELEGRAPH WIRES. IF THEY EXTEND DOWN FROM THE SURFACE, AND IF THERE'S STILL A CIRCUIT THROUGH TO THE NEXT TOWN...

TWO BIG IF'S!!



WHAT ARE YUH DOIN', MONTE?

TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP. TAP...

I'VE RIGGED UP A LITTLE SENDING SET THAT I THINK'LL WORK. KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED, SOURDOUGH!



BUT, ON THE SURFACE....

LISTEN, BOSS 'THEM SNOOPERS ARE TRYIN' TUH SEND A MESSAGE OUT OF TH' SHAFT!

DIT-DIT, DIT-DIT

YO'RE RIGHT! THEY'RE CLEVER...



...BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH!

SNIP!

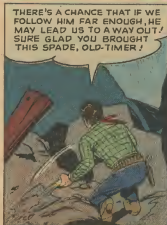
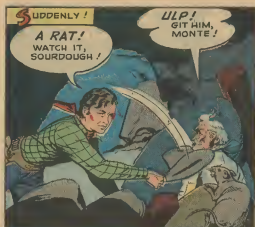


AS THE HOURS DRAG BY....

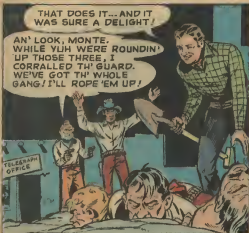
IT MUST BE MORNING, SOURDOUGH. I RECKON OUR MESSAGE NEVER GOT THROUGH!

AN' TH' AIR IS GITTIN' BAD, MONTE. I KIN HARDLY BREATHE!

IT LOOKS AS IF OUR FRIENDS' LAST CHANCE IS GONE!



MONTE HALE WESTERN



Ralph KINER

CHAMPION HOME RUN HITTER
OF THE PITTSBURGH PIRATES

I'M TAKING
A ROUND-TRIP
THIS TIME

KINER'S
UP AND HE'S
HAD HIS
WHEATIES

IN 1947 KINER
TIED FOR THE NATIONAL
LEAGUE HOME RUN TITLE.
HIS 51 ROUND-TRIPPERS
SET A NEW ALL-TIME
RECORD FOR HOMERS
IN ONE SEASON BY A
PITTSBURGH PLAYER

"KING" KINER BELTED EIGHT
HOMERS IN FOUR CONSECUTIVE
GAMES FOR A NEW ALL-TIME
MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD. FOR
TWO YEARS IN A ROW RALPH HIT AT
LEAST ONE HOME RUN IN EVERY
PARK IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

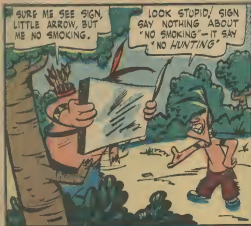
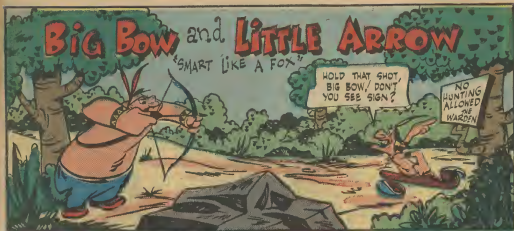
EXTRA ENERGY--
EXTRA BASES

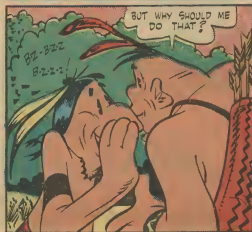
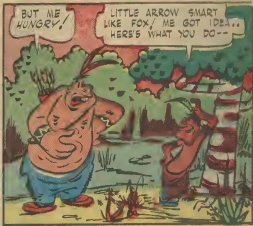
YOU'LL FIND ME CALLING
FOR MILK, FRUIT AND
WHEATies--'BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS'--MOST EVERY
MORNING OF THE SEASON,* SAYS
SLUGGING RALPH KINER. "THOSE
GOOD WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES
HELP SUPPLY ME WITH EXTRA
ENERGY I NEED, TO PLAY A
TOP GAME OF BALL"

WHEATIES
**BREAKFAST OF
CHAMPIONS**

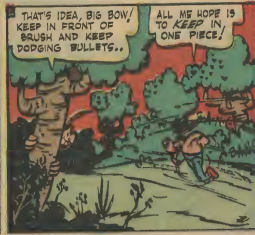
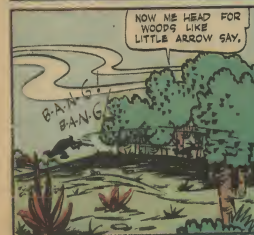
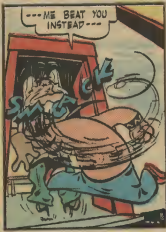
WITH MILK AND FRUIT

*Wheaties and Breakfast of Champions are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.

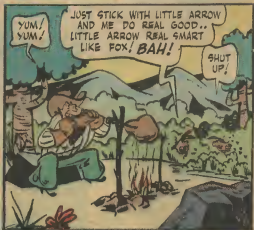
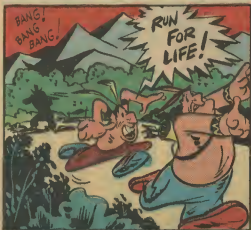
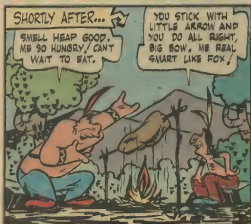
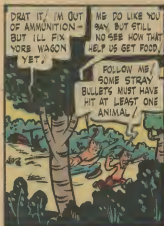




MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE HALE

RAILROAD RUCKUS

Curses fly and steel hammers smash through the air, as the railroad inches its perilous way over the San Pedro Mountain range. Here, truly, is the story of the building of America! And in this epic task, no Westerner plays a mightier role than hard-fighting Monte Hale!

THE RAILROAD TRESTLE! IT'S EXPLODING - WITH A LOCOMOTIVE ON IT!

AS THE LOCOMOTIVE HURTLES TO THE GROUND, MONTE HALE FLASHES INTO ACTION!

STEADY, PARDNER! THERE ARE MEN IN THAT CAB!

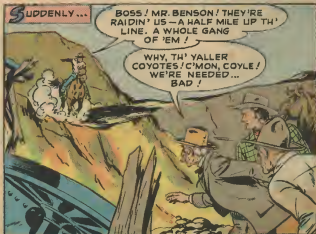
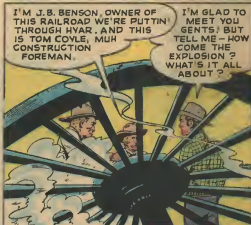
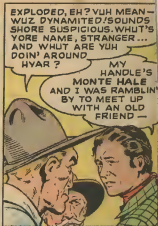
THEY'VE GOT TO BE RESCUED!

BUT AS MONTE FORCES THE JAMMED DOOR OPEN....

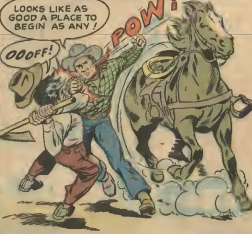
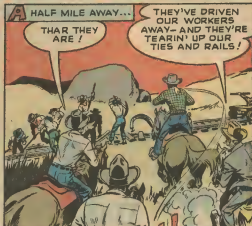
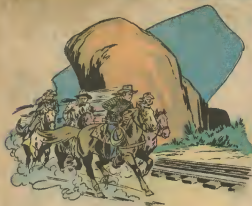
WHAT TH-

BOOM!

...THE BOILER EXPLODES IN HIS FACE!



MONTE HALE WESTERN





THAT'S BENSON —
THEIR BOSS!
JEST LET HIM
HAVE IT,
RAWHIDE!

DURN
RIGHT!
I'LL —



—LAY THAT
HOE DOWN,
SON!

THANKS,
MONTE! HE
WUZ ABOUT
TUH NAIL ME
FROM BEHIND!

MONTE HALE NOW WHIPS OUT HIS SIX GUN AND THE
HOODLUMS DRAW BACK FROM HIS ACCURATE FIRE!

THAT BIG FELLER —
TH' ONE THEY CALL
MONTE! HE'S AS
FAST AS GREASED
LIGHTNIN'!

HE JEST SHOT
TH' COLT OUTTA
MUH HAND! I'M
VAMOOSIN'!

BANG! BANG!
BANG! BANG!



THAR THEY GO — TH'
COWARDLY CRITTERS.
YUH RUN 'EM OFF,
HALE!

BUT WE'LL
NEVER CATCH
THEM. WE CAN'T
RIDE OUR HOSSES
'CROSS THE
TRESTLE!



NO, BUT THIS **HANDCAR**
CAN! CLEAR THE
TRACK, BOYS!



PUMPING FURIOUSLY,
MONTE SPEEDS IN PURSUIT!

I'M CATCHIN' UP! BUT—
WHAT'RE THEY DOING
TO THE RAILS?



LOOKS AS IF
THEY'VE THROWN
THE SWITCH!

HELPLESS, MONTE IS FLUNG
INTO THE AIR!



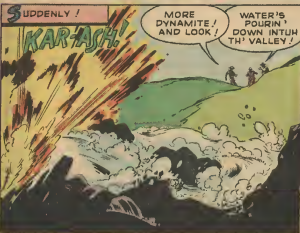
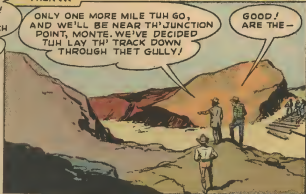
THIS PROVES WHAT I'VE BEEN THINKING - THAT THESE THUGS ARE WORKING WITH SOMEONE ON THE INSIDE, BENSON!

YUH MAY BE RIGHT, MONTE, BUT WE'VE GOT NO TIME NOW! WE'VE GOT TUH REPAIR TH' STRETCH THEY TORE UP, AN' GIT MOVIN' AGIN.

DAYS PASS, AS THE STURDY, DETERMINED RAILROADERS LAY TRACK, INCH BY INCH AND FOOT BY FOOT! THEN ...

ONLY ONE MORE MILE TUH GO, AND WE'LL BE NEAR TH' JUNCTION POINT, MONTE. WE'VE DECIDED TUH LAY TH' TRACK DOWN THROUGH THET GULLY!

GOOD! ARE THE -



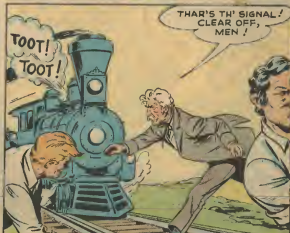
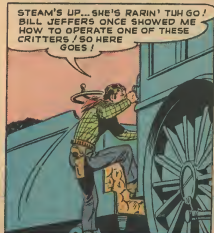
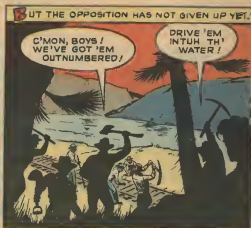
MORE DYNAMITE! AND LOOK!

WATER'S POURIN' DOWN INTUH TH' VALLEY!

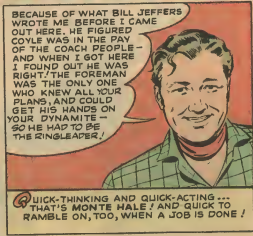
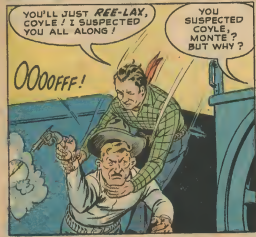
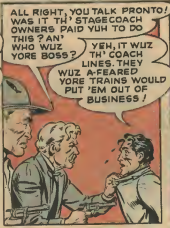
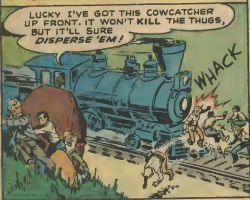
THEY MUST HAVE RELEASED A SECRET UNDERGROUND STREAM - TUH STOP US!

MAYBE SO! BUT THEY'RE JUST WASTIN' TIME 'WE'LL LAY TRACK ALONG THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE!





AS BENSON'S MEN SWIFTLY SCRAMBLE OFF THE TRACKS....



THE MAN WITH
THE PURPLE HAND

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
**Adventures of
SAM SPADE**

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

HEY... MR. SPADE! YOU FORGOT WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR YOUR HAIR!

I'LL BE BACK, TONY—SOON AS THE FIRE'S OUT!

THESE FIRES ARE DRIVING ME NUTS, SAM! THIS IS THE FIFTH ONE THIS WEEK!

SOUNDS LIKE A FIRE—BUS, CHIEF! LET ME DO SOME SNOOPING.

AS SAM PLOWS THROUGH THE CROWD HE TRIPS AND FALLS AGAINST ONE OF THE ON-LOOKERS AND...

HEY... WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
PARDON ME, BUDDY, BUT... SAY! LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS!

NO YOU DON'T!

HEY, CHIEF! LOOK AT THIS GUY'S HANDS!

PURPLE STAIN! WE PUT THAT STUFF IN ALARM BOXES TO CATCH GUYS JUST LIKE HIM!

IF HE STARTED THE FIRE—WHY SHOULD HE TURN IN THE ALARM, CHIEF?

TO MAKE IT MORE EXCITING EFFIE!

GEE, I GET EXCITED JUST LOOKING AT YOU, SAM!

THAT'S BECAUSE I USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, SWEETHEART!

SAM SPADE says

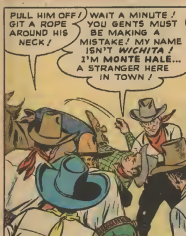
Scratch your head! If you find signs of dryness and loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. It grooms hair, relieves dryness, and removes loose dandruff.

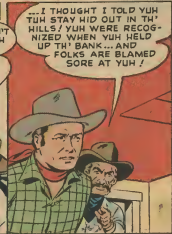
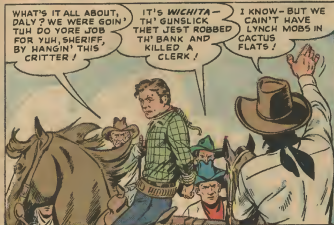
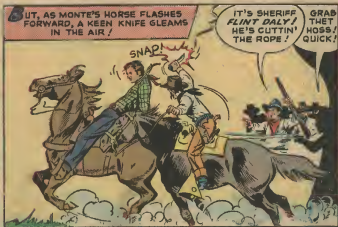
CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?

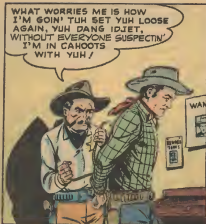




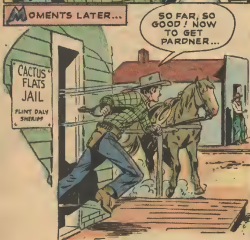
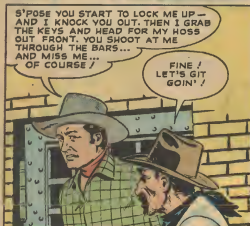
WITH A ROPE AROUND HIS NECK, AND AN ANGRY MOB HOWLING FOR HIS LIFE, MONTE HALE WOULDN'T HAVE GIVEN A PLUGGED NICKEL FOR HIS CHANCES; THEN ALONG CAME SHERIFF FLINT DALY... TO RELEASE MONTE AND TO PLUNGE HIM HEADLONG INTO ONE OF THE STRANGEST ADVENTURES OF HIS LIFE. OUR STORY BEGINS IN THE LITTLE CATTLE TOWN OF CACTUS FLATS....







MONTE REALIZES THAT THE SHERIFF IS REALLY IN LEAGUE WITH WICHITA GUNN, THE OUTLAW HE HAS BEEN MISTAKEN FOR. HE THINKS FAST...



INSTEAD OF RIDING OUT OF TOWN, MONTE GALLOPS UP THE STREET...

HEY, SON / WHERE ARE ALL THE TOWNFOLKS?

THEY'RE HAVIN' A MEETIN' IN TH' TOWN HALL, MISTER! ULP! YUH'RE WICHITA GUNN!

ON THE TOWN HALL...

I TELL YUH, FLINT DALY JEST AIN'T GOIN' AFTER THESE OUTLAWS TH' WAY HE SHOULD / THAR'S SOMETHIN' WRONG, AN' I —

YOU'RE RIGHT, OLD TIMER! SHERIFF DALY ISN'T CLEANING OUT THE CROOKS IN CACTUS FLATS, AN' I'LL TELL YOU WHY!

WICHITA! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' HYAR? HOW'D YOU GET OUT OF JAIL?

THAT'S WHAT I'M TELLIN' YOU! FLINT DALY IS IN CAHOOTS WITH THE OUTLAWS! THAT'S WHY HE LET ME GO... THINKING I WAS WICHITA GUNN. BUT I'M NOT!

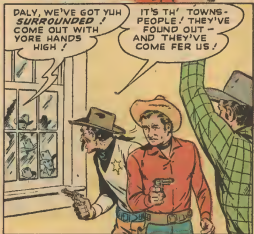
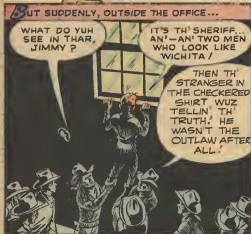
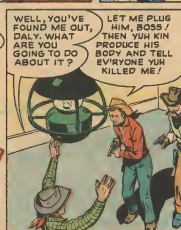
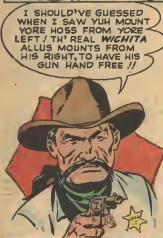
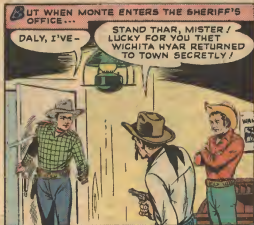
MY REAL NAME IS MONTE HALE! I'M JUST TRAVELING THROUGH TOWN!

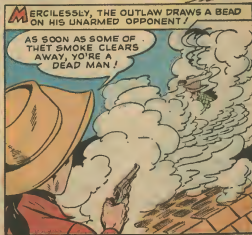
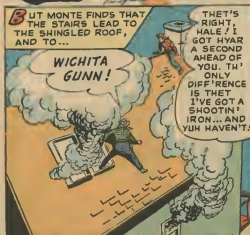
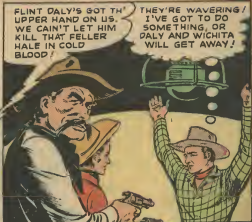
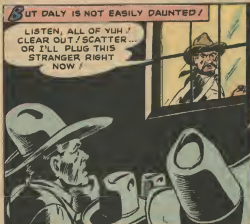
I DON'T BELIEVE YUH, MISTER. SOUNDS LIKE A TRAP TUH ME- AN' I SAY, LET'S STRING YUH UP!

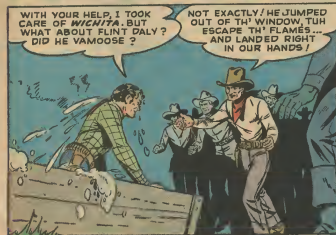
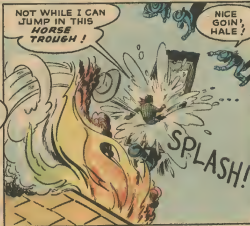
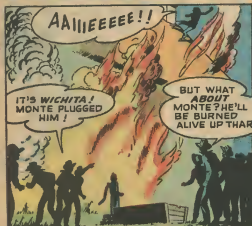
ALL RIGHT, DON'T BELIEVE ME. BUT DO THIS MUCH... FOLLOW ME TO DALY'S OFFICE AND LET'S HAVE A SHOWDOWN THERE!

GIT AFTER HIM! WE'VE GOT TUH FIND OUT IF HE'S TELLIN' TH' TRUTH!

IF HE IS, FLINT DALY IS DUE FOR SOME REAL JUSTICE!







CACTUS



BRAIN

"NEW NEWS"

IS THAR A BATHTUB
IN THET ROOM?

YES.

GOOD. NOW I WANT
YUH TO DECORATE
THET BATHTUB WITH
FANCY FLOWERS AND
TRIMMIN'S. I AIM TUH
PUT MUH HOSS
IN IT.

YORE AGONNA
PUT YORE HOSS
IN A BATHTUB
FILLED WITH
FLOWERS AND
FANCY
TRIMMIN'S!
WHUT FER?

BECAZ EVERY YEAR AT
THIS HYAR TIME, MUH
UNCLE IN THE EAST CALLS
ME UP AND ASKS:

"WHAT'S NEW?"

AND I WANT
TUH HAVE
SOMETHIN'S
TUH TELL HIM!

LI'L BUCK



"SLING AWAY"

WHUT'LL YUH
HAVE, LI'L
BUCK?

A PAIR
OF GARTERS.

GARTERS?

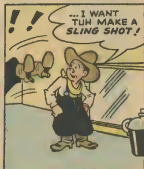
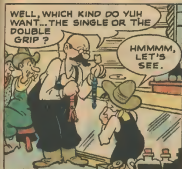
THET'S
RIGHT.

WELL, WHICH KIND DO YUH
WANT... THE SINGLE OR THE
DOUBLE
GRIP?

HMMMM,
LET'S
SEE.

I RECKON IT
DOESN'T MATTER
WHICH KIND OF
GARTERS I
TAKE...

... I WANT
TUH MAKE A
SLING SHOT!



"THE RAIDERS"

A "Son Of The Chief" Story

By RICHARD KRAUS

GRAY EAGLE, Chief of the Otapi tribe, rose slowly before the council fire. He looked about at his assembled elders, the wise men and proven warriors of the Otapi. ...As the flames roared high, Gray Eagle spoke.

"Today," he said, "I received a message from Captain Baker, at Fort Graham. Another white settlement has been attacked, by warriors who wore the feathers of the Otapi!"

He paused for a moment, then continued. "I told the messenger to tell Captain Baker," he went on, "that none of our young warriors have been on the war path. I assured the white commander that it must have been another tribe—seeking to put us in disrepute with the Great White Father. But this will not satisfy him. Too many of his people have been slain and robbed. He will demand punishment."

The circle of elders sat there, cross-legged, their faces impassive.

"Let us speak of this," said Gray Eagle.

GRAY HAWK, SON OF THE CHIEF, crawled slowly away from the bushes that surrounded the council fire. When he was a safe distance away, he rose and ran through the underbrush. Down through the shrub pine, he sped, until he came to a large boulder. There he stood, and from his mouth came the quivering cry of the hoot owl.

Immediately, from the surrounding forest, came his friends. They were the young Indian boys of the tribe—Swift Deer, Little Fox, Long Lance and Red Squirrel.

"What are the elders talking about?" asked Little Fox.

"It is very important," said Gray Hawk. "My father told them that the white settlements have again been attacked by warriors wearing the dress of our tribe. Captain Barker will demand punishment this time, he is certain!"

"The dress . . . of our . . . tribe . . ." repeated Long Lance slowly. "But who could this have been? Our nation has lived at peace with the white man, since he settled the valley land!"

"Always we have been friendly," cried Little Fox. "How does this happen, then?"

Gray Hawk's slim brown hand slowly

moved over the razor-edged tomahawk that hung at his waist.

"This I do not know," he admitted.

Then his keen dark eyes examined each of his friends—and his voice was tense with excitement. "But—but maybe we can find out. There is a shipment of rifles and farm equipment that has just come into the farm settlement below us," he said. "The wagons came along the trail today. Maybe—maybe the same warriors who have attacked in the past, will raid tonight, before the goods are sold and scattered!"

As one, the other Indian boys moved closer, their faces alight with excitement. Here would be a chance to aid the tribe . . . to prove their own manhood!

"How can we help?" asked husky Swift Deer.

Gray Hawk's finger traced a crude diagram in the dirt of the hillside. It was night, but the moon gave enough light to make the drawing clear.

"The raiders," he said, "will strike only from the hills. They must come through one of three places. If we keep watch . . . here . . . on Lonely Man Mountain, we will be able to see them if they ride down! Then we can send messengers . . ."

IT WAS LATE in the night, and the moon of harvest hung high—a great yellow melon in the heavens. Crouching on a ridge of Lonely Man Mountain, the Indian youths waited. They were patient—as their fathers had taught them to be. But, after a time, Little Fox spoke up.

"Maybe," he said, "they will not come down this way from the hills. Maybe, they will not come at all . . ."

"Then we will have lost nothing," Gray Hawk said. Suddenly he raised his hand. There was something in the air . . . some sound. He strained his keen ears. "There! Do you hear it? The creaking of saddle leather . . . the slipping of hooves along the shale."

His finger shot out, and he pointed at a gray smudge in the night. "Down there," he husked. "It is a file of horsemen . . . riding down toward the white settlement. Swift Deer!" He clutched his friends shoulder. "Take your pony and ride as the wind. Go to Captain Baker at Fort Graham. Tell him what we have seen—and

urge him to hurry, with his men."

Even as his friend vanished into the night, the son of the Chief turned to the others.

"But we cannot wait for the white soldiers to arrive," he said. "We must hasten to warn the settlers below. The raiders will come down slowly, so as to warn no one. If we run across the ridge and down through the ravine . . . we can get there before them!"

Speedily, they lunged forward, racing down the steep hillside. Moccasined feet clutching at rocks and logs, they ran soundlessly as the wild animals of the forest.

Coming out onto the valley floor, they loped easily down the wagon trail, until they came to the dark, waiting village. There was no light in any of the windows; no one seemed to be awake! Then Little Fox hissed—"There they come!"

The raiders were riding Indian ponies—yes, and they wore the dress of the Otapi tribe. But Gray Hawk's keen eyes did not recognize any of them . . . nor did he know their horses. Undoubtedly, they were strangers, imposters. Slowly, the son of the Chief raised his hand!

From his lips came a signal the other boys knew well . . . the cry of the hoot owl. Down the street, and from overhanging roofs came the replies—the faint rasping sound of the cricket, the distant, muted coyote's howl.

Then—as one—the Indian boys struck!

Their arrows flashed toward the line of silently riding figures. They reached their marks—and cries of surprise and pain rose from the raiders. Even as his fingers released the bowstring, Gray Hawk was on his feet, flourishing his tomahawk!

"Shoot again," he cried. "Fill them with arrows! Do not let them recover. Drive them away!"

Cursing and shouting, the raiders reined back their startled horses and doubled back on their tracks. Lashing the ponies furiously, they were soon at the outskirts of town. A flurry of sharp-tipped shafts followed them, speeding their flight.

"THEY WILL BE BACK," Gray Hawk hissed to his friends. They have come this far . . . and they will not give up easily. We have but wounded a few."

The Chief's son was right.

Down the road they came again . . . the mysterious raiders, who had spoken, when ambushed, not in Otapi, but in the white man's talk. But this time they came, not easy targets on horseback, but on foot. Each moved by himself, taking full advantage of the shadows. This time, when the

bowstrings twanged, the rifles barked swift reply. So elusive, however, were the Otapi boys in the night, that none of the missiles of death found them. They were forced however, to retreat slowly down the street.

Closer and closer the raiders came to the storehouse where the valuable supplies had been stored. With a sinking heart, Gray Hawk realized that his friends could not withstand the well-armed and wily raiders. All they had done was delay them for a while.

Then—suddenly—he heard a rattling sound from the end of town. It was hoofbeats, growing and swelling in the night! With a thrill of exultation Gray Hawk recognized the men who were galloping down the main street. They wore the blue uniforms and the glinting metal accoutrements of U. S. Army troopers . . . and they had been brought by Swift Deer.

The Chief's son sprang to his feet—shouting loudly!

"They are lurking along the side of the street, soldiers! They are without their horses. Find them! Slay them!"

All about him the tide of battle rose, as the Federal troopers' rifles volleyed against the crouching raiders. Desperately, the outlaws sought to escape. But, on foot, they had no chance. One by one, they were captured and tied together.

AS THE LAST OF the raiders were brought in, Captain Baker, commander of the white troops, dismounted from his great horse. He stood beneath a flaming, guttering torch, and looked down at Gray Hawk. His face worked into a smile.

"Swift Deer tells me," he said, "that you are the chief of the boys—that you organized this little ambush. Is that right?"

Gray Hawk inclined his head.

"Do you know what you've done?" the Federal officer asked. "We've found out that these mysterious raiders were really white outlaws, masquerading as Otapi and hiding in the hills to avoid suspicion. By helping us catch them, you've performed a great service to your people. You've helped to save them from severe and unfair punishment."

He paused, as the boy made no reply. Then, placing his hand kindly on Gray Hawk's shoulder, he asked, "Would you like me to say something to your father?"

For the first time, Gray Hawk spoke.

"Yes," he said slowly. "Tell him—tell him I have five new warriors to join his council circle. They are worthy . . . for they have proved themselves in battle!"

THE END

LI'L BUCK

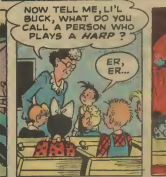


'MAKES HIS POINT'

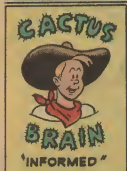
WELL, THAT'S RIGHT, I GUESS, BUT A PERSON WHO PLAYS A VIOLIN IS REALLY AND CORRECTLY CALLED A VIOLINIST.



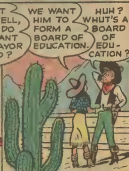
YES, MAM.



ER, ER, A FIDDLER.

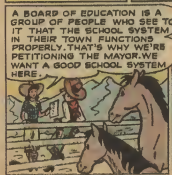


PETITION! WHUT'S A PETITION?



WE WANT HIM TO FORM A BOARD OF EDUCATION.

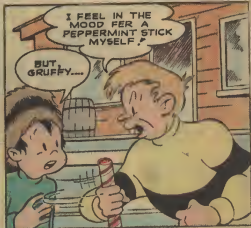
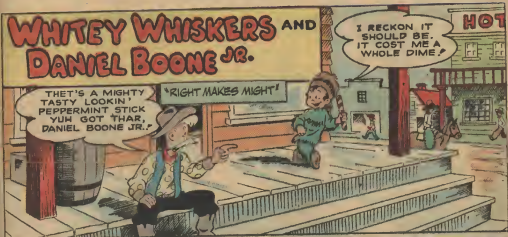
HUH? WHUT'S A BOARD OF EDUCATION?

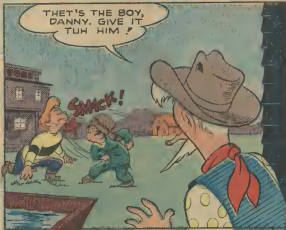
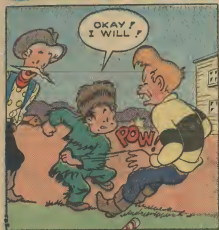


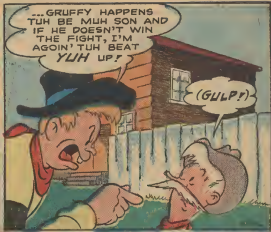
ER, NO.

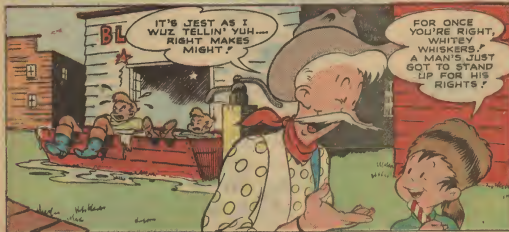
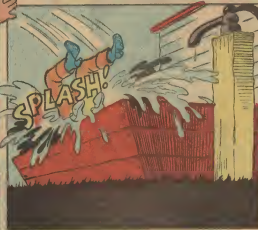
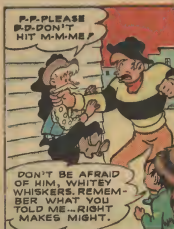


WHITEY WHISKERS AND DANIEL BOONE JR.









Quiz.

SEE HOW MANY YOU CAN ANSWER CORRECTLY! SCORE YOURSELF:
10-CORRECT, EXCELLENT 7-GOOD-
5-FAIR - 3-POOR. LET'S GO!

1. THE FIRST COLLEGE FOOTBALL GAME WAS PLAYED ON NOVEMBER 6, 1869.

☐ True ☐ False

2. SWITZERLAND EXPORTS MORE BUTTER THAN ANY OTHER COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

☐ True ☐ False

3. THE AIR A PERSON BREATHES DAILY WEIGHS MORE THAN THE FOOD HE EATS EACH DAY.

☐ True ☐ False

4. H_2O IS THE CHEMICAL FORMULA FOR WATER.

☐ True
☐ False

5. THE WORD "FAD" CAME FROM THE FIRST LETTERS OF THE EXPRESSION "FOR A DAY."

☐ True
☐ False

6. A SAPPHIRE IS RED.

☐ True
☐ False



7. THE FIRST BABY CARRIAGE WAS MADE IN 1849 BY CHARLES BURTON.

☐ True
☐ False

8. THERE ARE THREE SPECIES OF BANANAS.

☐ True
☐ False



9. THE AVERAGE DEPTH OF THE OCEAN IS $2\frac{1}{2}$ MILES.

☐ True
☐ False

10. VENUS IS THE LARGEST PLANET

☐ True
☐ False



ANSWERS: 1-TRUE 2-TRUE 3-TRUE 4-TRUE 5-TRUE 6-FALSE 7-TRUE 8-TRUE 9-FALSE 10-FALSE
THE AVERAGE DEPTH OF THE OCEAN IS 3.7 MILES. VENUS IS THE SECOND LARGEST PLANET.
BUTTER EXPORTS: SWITZERLAND IS THE LEADING BUTTER EXPORTER. NEW JERSEY IS THE LEADING BUTTER PRODUCER. BANANAS: THREE SPECIES OF BANANAS.

OZZIE



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BABS



MONTE HALE

IN TRAIL-BLAZER'S SHOWDOWN!



IT'S TH' LAND-GRABBERS!
THEY'RE TRYIN' TUH DRIVE
US OFF!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



FROM KANSAS, FROM KENTUCKY AND MISSOURI THEY CAME, THESE VALIANT FARM FOLK WHO WERE DETERMINED TO MAKE A NEW LIFE FOR THEMSELVES BY SETTLING IN THE FAR WEST! THE ROAD AHEAD WAS NOT AN EASY ONE. THERE WOULD BE DROUGHTS AND FAMINE WOLVES AND COYOTES AND WORST OF ALL, HUMAN VULTURES LIKE CRUEL BART DENTON! LUCKY, THEN, THAT MONTE HALE RODE ALONG WHEN HE DID, TO BE IN ON THE TRAIL-BLAZER'S SHOWDOWN!

ONE DAY, AS LOOSE-FOOTED MONTE HALE RIDES DOWN A WESTERN TRAIL...

COVERED WAGONS.... HEADIN' FROM TH' EAST! RECKON I'LL RIDE DOWN AND TAKE A LOOK AT THEM!



HOWDY, MA'AM. WHERE ARE YOU FOLKS GOIN'?

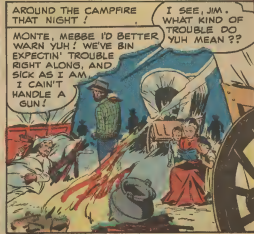
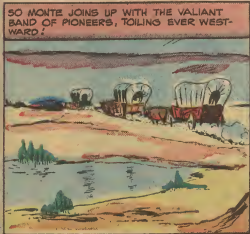
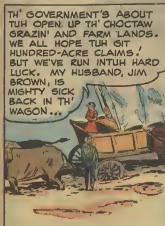
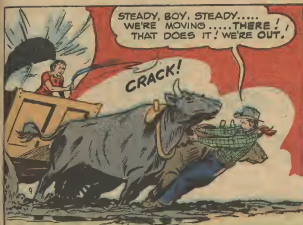
TO TH' CHOCTAW TERRITORY, STRANGER.... IF WE KIN EVER GIT THESE BLAMED CRITTERS TUH PULL US OUT OF THIS MUD!

WE'VE BIN STUCK HYAR AN HOUR !!



AN HOUR, EH? RECKON I CAN LEND YOU A HAND, MA'AM!





THERE'S BEEN A TOUGH GANG OF RIDERS FOLLOWIN' TH' WAGONS, LED BY A GENT NAMED BART DENTON! I'M AFRAID THEY'RE OUT FER NO GOOD!

DENTON? SEEMS I ONCE HAD A SCRAP WITH A FELLA BY THAT NAME OVERIN DOGGE CITY!



WELL, IF HE AND HIS CUTHROATS START ANYTHIN'— WE'LL FINISH IT!



AS DAY BREAKS, THE WAGON TRAIN RUMBLES ON ITS WAY!

GET 'EM UP, YUH LAZY, FOUR-FOOTED RASCALS!



SUDDENLY!



MY WHEEL! IT CAME LOOSE.... JEST ROLLED OFF!

AN' MINE! ALMOST WRECKED TH' WAGON!

AND ONE OF MINE'S WOBBLY....ABOUT TO COME OFF!



LET'S TAKE A LOOK— SAY! THIS AXLE HAS BEEN TAMPERED WITH. NO WONDER TH' WHEEL FELL OFF!

I THOUGHT I SAW ONE ONE OF BART, DENTON'S MEN WALKIN' THROUGH OUR CAMP LAST NIGHT!



NOW I'M SURE!

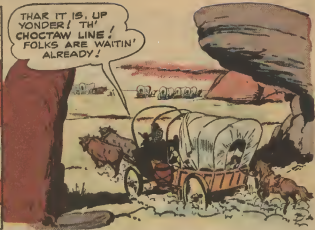
DENTON'S GANG, EH? LET'S GET THESE WHEELS BACK ON AN' FIX 'EM! AN' FROM NOW ON— WE KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR MISTER BART DENTON!



WHEELS FIXED, THE WAGONS
CREAK ON.

SURE ARE
A LOT OF
FOLKS MOVIN'
WEST!
THEY'RE ALL HOPIN'
TUH STAKE GOOD
CLAIMS, TOO. WE
SHOULD BE REACHIN'
TH' STARTIN' LINE
SOON-

THAR IT IS, UP
YONDER! TH'
CHOCTAW LINE!
FOLKS ARE WAITIN'
ALREADY!



BUT OTHER EYES HAVE
SEEN THE STARTING LINE,
TOO. KEEN, CRUEL EYES....
BART DENTON'S EYES!

SOME OF TH'
SETTLERS HAVE
GOTTEN HYAR
ALREADY, BART.
WHUT DO WE DO
NOW?

TEACH 'EM A
LITTLE LESSON!
BIG RED AND
YUH, CRESAR...

...RIDE DOWN THAR, AND
EASE A COUPLE OF
THOSE WAGONS AWAY
FROM THE LINE, TUH LET
US IN. BUT NO SHOOTIN'
—JEST YIT!!

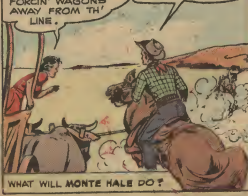
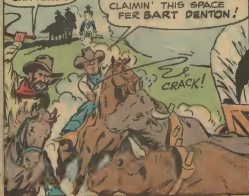


SIT! VAMOOSE,
YUH BLASTED
CRITTERS!

OKAY, FARMERS! PULL
YORE RIGS AWAY
FROM TH' LINE. WE'RE
CLAIMIN' THIS SPACE
FER BART DENTON!

HEAR THET, MONTE?
THOSE ARE DENTON'S
MEN! AND THEY'RE
FORCIN' WAGONS
AWAY FROM TH'
LINE.

NOT IF I CAN
HELP IT, MA'AM.
CMON, PARDNER!



WHAT WILL MONTE HALE DO?

IT'S TIME THOSE ROUGH-NECKS WERE TAUGHT A LITTLE RESPECT!



ARE YUH MOVIN'...OR DO I HAVE TUH USE THIS RAWHIDE?



GIT TOUGH, BIG RED! WHAT TH'—A LASSO!

MONTE'S LARIAT SNAKES OVER THE TWO HOODLUMS.

TH' GROUND! I'M GITTIN' SCRAPED! OWWW!

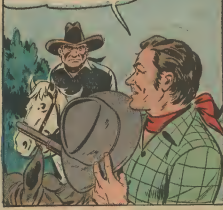
DON'T WORRY, BOYS! IT'LL JUST LAST A MINUTE...UNTIL I LOCATE YOUR BOSS!



DENTON, I'M BRINGIN'S BACK A COUPLE OF YOUR HANDS. THEY GOT TIED UP DOWN BY THE LINE—AN' I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE 'EM RETURNED!



AN' NOW—ADIOS!



WHY, YUH TWO IDITS! I OUGHT TUH SHOOT YUH MYSELF... LETTIN' A SINGLE GUY MANHANDLE YUH LIKE THET.

AW, HE TOOK US BY SURPRISE, BOSS! WE'LL GIT HIM NEXT TIME!

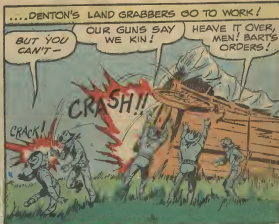
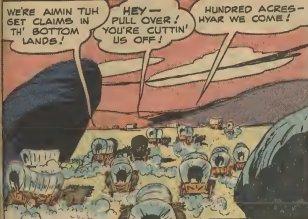


SUDDENLY, DOWN BY THE STARTING LINE....



THET'S TH' STARTIN' SIGNAL!

HYAR WE GO—HEADIN' FOR TH' BEST CLAIMS!

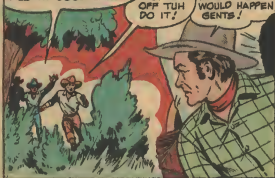


DID YUH HEAR, MONTE? BART DENTON'S GANG HAS TAKEN UP ALL TH' GOOD LAND!

AND HE FORCED A LOT OF US OFF TUH DO IT!

I WAS AFRAID SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN, GENTS!

AN' I RECKON THAT CALLS FOR A SHOWDOWN — RIGHT NOW!



BOSS, LOOK WHO'S COMIN'. IT'S THET FELLER WE HAD TROUBLE WITH.... MONTE HALE!

I SEE HIM, BOYS. STICK AROUND — JEST IN CASE!



DENTON, I'VE COME HERE TO TELL YOU, MAN TO MAN, TO GIVE BACK TH' LAND YOU STOLE!

AN' IF I DON'T?



STEALTHILY, BART DENTON'S HAND SIGNALS BEHIND HIS BACK!



THEN I'LL HAVE TO....AAAHHH!

TAKE IT, HALE!



HE'S THROUGH, BOSS. DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!

GOOD! NOW — CALL ALL TH' SETTLERS HERE, PRONTO! WE'RE A-GONNA CLEAN UP AND GIT MOVIN'... NOW!



LISTEN TUH ME, ALL OF YUH! THE LAND IS YOURN - BUT YUH'LL HAVE TUH PAY ME TEN DOLLARS AN ACRE, TUH GIT IT.... CASH ON TH' BARRELHEAD!

TEN DOLLARS! BUT THEY'LL TAKE ALL OUR SAVINGS!

DO YUH WANT TH' LAND, OR DON'T YUH?

YUH'VE GOT US, DENTON! I - I RECKON WE'LL PAY!

BUT, ON THE GROUND, MONTE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

OOOH, MY HEAD. RECKON I WAS GRAZED. WHAT'S GOIN' ON....

BART! WATCH IT! HALE'S COMIN' TO. HE'S PULLIN' HIS GUN!

THIS TIME, WE'RE STARTIN' FROM SCRATCH...

AND I DON'T AIM TO LOSE OUT, DENTON!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

OHWW! MY HAND...

TH' REST OF YUH, KEEP YORE HANDS HIGH, UNLESS YOU WANT, TH' SAME!

MONTE, WE CAIN'T THANK YUH ENOUGH. NOW WE'LL BE ABLE TUH STAKE OUR LAND AND LIVE IN PEACE..... WITHOUT THESE LANDGRABBERS!

YORE RIGHT, MRS. BROWN. WHEN TH' U.S. MARSHAL GETS TO THEM... ALL TH' LAND THEY'LL GET WILL BE SIX FOOT OF DIRT APIECE!!

THAT'S JUSTICE....MONTE HALE STYLE! DON'T MISS A SINGLE-EXCITING ISSUE OF THIS FAMOUS WESTERN STAR'S OWN COMICS MAGAZINE!

TRAPS Tootsie KILLER BEAR WITH INVISIBLE LIGHT

BY G.C. BLOCK AND PETRA CONTANZA



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WINTHROP
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Man-Styled Shoes for Boys

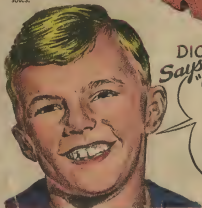
SEE, DAD,
THE ONLY
DIFFERENCE
IS THE
SIZE!



DICK, SON OF HARD-HITTING STAN

Says:

"ONLY WINTHROP JRS. GIVE ME SHOES EXACTLY LIKE DAD'S THEY'RE 'REALLY' RUGGED...HE-MAN IN EVERY WAY. ALL THE KIDS WANT 'EM."



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